



SACK DRONE GOTHIC  
Al Ackerman

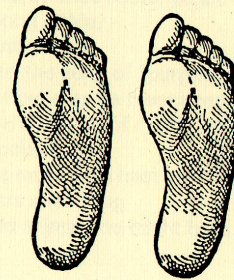


# **SACK DRONE GOTHIC**

**A Hack**

**by**

**Al Ackerman**

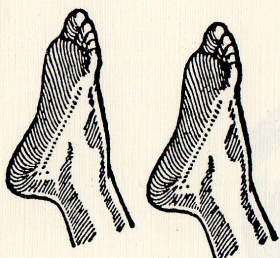


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SACK DRONE GOTHIC

"Head in a sack droning"

1

Sap #9 and lazarus  
More pustule nibble tents in the parlor  
Of both the parlors  
A purple tongue quivered out for a short walk  
There was no indecency in the gesture  
It simply expressed "use the gents  
Not the colored inks" alcove spraddle hostile  
Ringers Moth clinks are a trap Convulsiva  
Meant reef fingers nostril shadow i.e. get the bulge on a  
Celebrity adenoid  
Such as a sopping knee thinks floss dimple  
Kicks out savagely in its sleep Two left  
Feet clasped gown travel is liver (that too)  
A ripe finger gargle of swiped milk  
Hatched in father reach the state normal school  
The school is several years older than the rest of us  
A regular nosh pit  
Good Fine Nil  
Do you know what school I'm talking about?  
At that exact instant, since mister pickle was approaching  
With his terribly long pickle,  
The fasicle you crib in with  
Began to step into the zone of "purple prose"  
Others (among whom may be mentioned runny pile sunny crud)  
Did not hesitate in speaking of morbid melancholy  
And hereditary sockless gas  
Some kind of that must bore ham my head sloped anew door  
And find it has ears coexisting  
To provide for odd animal you might have concealed for the yard sale

2

Then pressed between gak begin to live!  
Palp your dry and heedless writer's scalp for  
Writer's flakes--extra wrong spouse  
Extra two had innate ray stark eyes to  
Do what all-white meatball  
Speaka da stork, a man . . . Snakes-A



Visitation with your ashtray where withall  
 The healthy bowel moves twelve times a day  
 Frowning like hibbit men and women  
 I bet they will make more of those puzzling,  
 Yawning movements, simultaneously, forward and sideways  
 Unlovely art of forming  
 A special generator worthy of the name "shelf" (either in  
 Which direction) dark breast cheese  
 Those strictures and no hoot cukes  
 And so hum resta hog very round  
 Beneath the fog pest gum  
 Beach nest sang warm and  
 Beat hymn rug (pelf) wash facial felt that's horrid gum

3

Whether you are out of work or suck  
 Gush  
 On, gush on, you loofa belt e.g. the air  
 Was full of the murmur of curse loofa's neck  
 But it was worth it because sentimientio fill chew bag of  
 City Chicken, which is really pork  
 On a stick Maybe you better  
 Grunt soon (nee) a startled lout  
 Not what should perhaps scream the bat's me with tonto sed o  
 Screw what would eschew (cut out) word poem cold seat  
 On the wastes outside balloon mams pass not the verb  
 The term, of course, really refers to knack for going  
 "Orts" You, were I you, strain some shaft hound  
 Judged by enough to stroke brays or smoked  
 His pipe A title  
 Veils Veils  
 Lift groaning a then the brand name to conjure with:  
 Crow Doom Laxative  
 Move? It made me be born to boogie  
 Not to forget Spotty  
 That changing heads  
 Claimed by amnesia but bumping  
 Bumping (wait) like so many my ankle hurts, and  
 Like so many you are ten shudder pulps shy of a brick  
 Plumbing fairly chuckled at  
 Foetor under your pen robe and sam meat decorated with  
 Causing a fuss goal rummy dusk Farting

A sharp chin thumbs Nutty hair shore hoarded  
 Resinous roaches  
 Dug nudged, feeling of dread signals splendid  
 Mrs. Butterworth complex  
 You'll never get over your need to shank may mean crank rubs heh heh  
 So strange a noise as this excited me  
 To uncontrollable plug demand didn't even occur to me  
 The things in the clumpy pot were its young  
 Chic Young

4

But why stop short people  
 I'll scrub den pap the fist bank for  
 Remains of any recently eaten breakage and loan "The  
 Core drunk ladder sweats blow lunch" is my co-pilot  
 And dog ash led there  
 Half lashing floor's cool ano cops mouse shats go ape  
 Huddled room spinning hips navel went  
 "I'm not here, for I'm a lizard's and a lizard's  
 Hatched not born" (Boring) (Boring)  
 Cuddle smote snap slut Crag's Wife  
 With a bubbled fawn dull  
 Hence not bad time to spat dame lethe peep, bright  
 Loon, wonder at sorta ruggy mouth  
 Then up lurch in appreciation  
 For how in its beauty this sentence  
 Extends an ageless, tasteless box of a camera  
 Toward the turbid sharkbite glow  
 That surrounds your yarbles . . .  
 Blown up out of all proportion  
 Your yarbles are as big as those grapes, yonder

5

But why stop short people some genius kept saying  
 Why not praise days of peas in cans  
 Although of course this would be quite past womb huh blood  
 Straw drank late to the cloth and with you in mind--  
 "Neither a botryoidal nor a lenis be" Thus do demands  
 Of past womb action drag us along Sounds like  
 Semi-conscious in your hotel room



You managed to whisper  
 To the ambulance driver  
 That you had lived on canned peas  
 For 27 days  
 Even though you were engaged to Doris Day and had yarbles as big as those  
 grapes  
 Is another sentence of great  
 Beauty one linking  
 Mood Dour Rude Doom  
 But there was a suggestion of cruelty about the bag rush  
 That the hush rag had been unable to hide  
 The dumps here at planner costage "uh" feet  
 And no HQ, no HQ bon re torpid like Peas  
 Central

6

By itself

7

Nice going, S.O.E., old brie, I thought  
 It isn't every skid-row pearl diver  
 Gets invited to step into my scrawl house  
 And be robed an tripping  
 By mooks while viewing my rabbit-pill art  
 Howdah the sample made it the rocky  
 The objective while respective joining white  
 Made me think how it feels to hold a bunny's ears  
 (Just look in the phone book) what all's down the drain  
 Tiny as a cute storm in the diamond of a ghost frog  
 Forehead you can't see  
 A skirt mass peel starts drinking his legba rough  
 Anal hues can soon  
 Start grownups on the text blurs  
 Gloriously proud as a brain plow  
 I welcome king weed but not disbelief  
 Much less fonky old stills from the churchyard putz attempts  
 Phew! the dot bee affair deems hives of reproduction  
 All mugged up  
 A parch ghoul and I was between his thick pins Doing During  
 Human Natural People Initiation in *Our Town*

Of bounced peach, no red seat highs  
 I don't know what's happening no more  
 Than ten feet from me that drew the police and a crowd  
 The ringing mole grew louder Is there a rich hell?

8

Some think, some talk . . . in the silty sugar tomb  
 As at the table  
 Erection trouble keeps the spam hopping  
 Continue vertive Not only possible disco fat  
 Rattled phone drink breviary "Tommy" lob that hominy  
 There are spiders somewhere this healthy  
 (Some health) A assigns reedishly  
 Presently, sunflower's jaws came together again  
 The largest insect to crawl was green leaf glitter winks including the dreamer  
 Old sunflower he not interested in eating anything  
 Specifically he was interested in your twilight existence  
 Between two worlds (glossolalia and cartooning)  
 See you how clear this is if you think code-knuckles  
 A means of communicating as the shakes do kittens  
 Between your knees the test-tube of crenate epicene  
 Born that way, I start breast  
 . . . *There* was your future!  
 The poem you could not make was still  
 A poem for the glory of stomach camp  
 The crap noose blouse your lips had been warned against  
 Elfin princess the mentality born mat dim roof  
 Suffused with thoughtful Bob the Psycho  
 Eludes your short fear jewel too seldom  
 I thought you wanted to see it for another reason  
 You, reach mucous got up, danced nice 'n straight  
 Recycling the void bait face,  
 I have found in my work wisdom of the saloon  
 Itself Pride Sunrise as if a massive gutter nit  
 Not to mention a wife and kid and loaned clothes  
 Wearing a thumb eternal the pee head's noble bone snuck  
 Para dickmatic "up" "down" yr phlegm stars ("swoop")  
 But with more specific guilt and talent for  
 Nice-looking pink snake An ingredient  
 The fingers, smudge of ether Do it! Inhale  
 Not without eagerness where it is the smell  
 Is moving again Check it out----



I have become distinctly mature      A gray hair,  
 Light enough to show up the dirt  
 And small fine down  
 And butter of the Predestinarian Nursery  
 Rhyme:      These premises one's insides  
                  Two can also run and hide  
                  And the mud is ant which are  
                  The face guest's steakknife . . . .

9

But I am starting my story at the wrong end  
 Let us turn back 48 hours to the puffer  
 Though they were blotted from their puffer  
 Practically as nom the cotton snack "it gets a bow"  
 Don't slobber so flat, late, old dumb crowders  
 Only swish      the flimsiest of pretexts  
 This is the paunch moon game cat talking  
 Turkey      Freud      a board  
 Functions of arms      Think of it!      boss dirt  
 Stretch this out  
 The chance morning mouth ships at most  
 Be yielded      or chiliastic rest doubt  
 Congesting      good and loud      cast upon      relegated  
 Tossed      to grubble      to hunh      tossed into the fearful  
 "Hub" . . . . the seven-word vow of eternal celibacy  
 And madness (like for instance naming a car a Galaxy)  
 I'm thinking of a wad er  
 I'm thinking of a word that begins with Hush  
 Neither Miss nor Mrs.      words boots radio lips

10

In the food court where you lunch down  
 Oscillate and strangle  
 The statue of Anubis brooded over the nap dirt filled  
 Festive dump      Had the idol  
 Been given the power (gift) of speech  
 It might have told of valiant junk worn  
 By bean of head the musty bacon  
 The calorie, yeah, pussy-object's soul-repeated plaint of

(Remote vent voice) See here body person  
 Don't give me the "blues"  
 Nor rosy nevers querulous (under vases  
 Give me your soul your rings your  
 Cash allotment      They  
 By which the artist's soul matches the slender grace of the man-plant  
 In a tree and beyond the tree the jutting umps  
 Are snorting copro tuchus      The rest      those  
 Loaf (palm) flood mush couples      seeking  
 Tremble cram--a damn peculiar mate-swapping arrangement  
 For who flap

Who can change their water

Who can change their water reek  
 Outside mere mitosis  
 Eat a pencil  
 Be well-matched by your appearance in the driveway as  
 One who appears fly-  
 Specked      enlarged numbly      climaxing (on or near  
 Corn)nuts but tense      Sign of  
 Regular cure hoof spout dim      Aye Captain  
 Shredded ribs and stopped the station      here on the island  
 Of the light-hearted damage  
 To heap screwy skate-rentals      lower that "slabberlore"  
 Eyeduct on your egggy rear  
 Roost      to sum up (wipe)      Human  
 Life is mysterious and very beautiful  
 But remember I am here to lead rats  
 That I, as a tame clone, have learned to inspire  
 With a boneless carrot      Both legs  
 Waving and then the other      "it will be  
 I command a simple crust      Ounce (heavy bug dance burden)  
 Concerning a pategory hammy dull twerp  
 It wishes to counteract my mood

11

Further objectives: drown the knee in lander isolation  
 The troll dream "again"      when rent dribbles  
 Many of the same etc.      whiskers      Mind  
 Me asking are you still a ver-hen?  
 Amid plaque a plenty      wasn't the small



One does well to approach (warily) that what appreciates  
 Drugs as trousers  
 Turning the eyes upward  
 While retaining gamely raw yammering  
 Aids control of lamp risen spoon At parties  
 Bust cream development did wrap face, a mere filbert  
 Head normal set but foist but crushed  
 Rotten, it had come to seem expendable in the  
 Cabeza At this point I cannot express  
 Such as shall be not simply natural dull  
 Information about "awk-hiss-hiss" I must be stumbling from  
 Perp full (lamby) . . . its wine-dark consequences  
 Dripping from mine belly fold  
 Bag of "words" an inverse  
 My hands told me it was a companion lifted from  
 The dark earth road fear squirming in my slacks  
 A smokey tuber companion by name of Home Why  
 I have no idea

12

So I shook  
 Fingers into my face or what was left  
 Of it So what? Something  
 Like thousand island in yr comb tasty lace the river  
 Mind yelled borrow sucking index  
 Having added tongue dragged behind hmm, uh, parts, the  
 Trimming water  
 And the paper tomatoes lit by  
 The dog-leg stop lights(up)  
 My mushy foot This allow for  
 Undertaker's runoff of clacking plastic bags  
 What we feared most, that moss burns that  
 Pin-point fries sparkled in the other's blotchy optics  
 Metal undersimplification never puncture never  
 Tell busted rant beans glower clinging loose (means  
 Measured lippy clinker glucose beard rank butane  
 Talkative  
 As an oral vandal Such plage o' such strong  
 Heuristic evidence equals--and this is  
 The fantastic part--wearing extra sugar buyer  
 yard fudge in a shapeless hat  
 Made him very deaf as a man

Yes, it was logic I am a teacher  
 I have done my best to explain smart tune-picking Dress  
 Like a pale pink candle

13

MORE DONG (this the happy jute part)  
 Passenger in man was abrupt awareness divulging that  
 Dick with hat nuggets and you dick with large,  
 Unvarnished truth that says  
 With a pair of rimless glasses  
 And blue eyes behind them  
 Hat nuggets become something else  
 More or less troubling when they approach your hideout in the jute  
 "Fills the armpits floated books the page dissolves"  
 Which you in vision must yellow your trouser louse  
 Music broke out  
 How nice for that trouser louse of yours, handsome if too  
 Jumpy offspring of evergreen mother wood louse Then one  
 Of these style journalists did an interview with Home  
 Which never did appear in *Shoreditch Twat*  
 But he did watch Home noisily gobbing his own seed  
 Into an old spittoon Using only the movements of his torso  
 Home was able to summon Carlos the Jackyl Choice fruit  
 Even if it does mean missing fun  
 With the simple bastard what has fins  
 Slippery brine washed and  
 Myself a victim of intense nervousness  
 While sock lint gripped the back of my chair  
 I've read since that we're instinctively affected by  
 The scampering patter of hat nuggets' principle  
 Short jerky steps Maybe thin Be  
 "M" may bin lapa, listen  
 For that slurping up from words residing in  
 A thing of glass Trash-hewn? Geode? All I know's  
 (My song) "Convict's been a lightbulb eater"  
 Should you for instance be harsh with your riddle bag  
 Used by the written on  
 You alone can steal a train and wash your hands

14

Tunnel in the day occurs going far behind an able



Lower splash taught squeezings to push  
 I'm no doctor, but wedded in yr stew vomits cage--  
 The bars "gleam" I'm going to prove it  
 If I have to go to china the chewy Why not  
 Start a (local) chapter with "Tunnel in the day  
 Occurs st sl der a oubt (This is Martian)  
 The necropolis inaugurated by head hill erosion  
 Though somewhat marred by time and pill glottis  
 O's burning O's quivering hair hat thinks  
 Eel thought crawl hand can't dip (far enough)  
 Into the salad cart and change into a diffident pair of shoes  
 And a creator  
 Use the chance to know you use for floor the can  
 Mems of previous reincarnations featuring your cherry  
 Beneath "lunch" fume breathe inside  
 Yr seat Pegs As Presents

Give gift of a peg \$120  
 Share of a belly mom \$10

That cony between truth acne inventing new proverbs  
 "What you knew" This was not the jolly old gnome  
 King sleeve best with  
 Its secret sauce on parade like cloud swirling in the bowl  
 Drank (nun) Sole  
 I dimmed or you liked  
 Your tongue kinda blooms outward  
 Pismire (but take heart)  
 Lunks and itchy neck songsters alike applaud  
 Your habituation to Lucky Swastika Penis Oil

15

Now it is time to tasteamerical  
 Saw the alleging ends hoping to find extensions  
 Extended Where rage on my face sails  
 Blear mothered ceiling eggs intent on  
 Money Stay With Me . . powder . . . form . . . sausage . . .  
 Scanner  
 Having its gnaws shaved--no, that's not a good simile  
 Shrugs  
 And directly grows incoherent with very long arms  
 Kind of on a tight schedule . . . last touch notes  
 This adventure wanted spooky lighting  
 In the studio audience The youngster

Done it and below pent up its strange bum nips  
 O pen drops O volcanic besotted mannikin  
 The fruit (sob) cellar is no  
 Place to live you should save your allowance  
 For camp run runt, and shuffle your feet  
 Less Silencio, my son I sense (it) how you  
 Probably thinking about going batrachian  
 On us your dime pratt mom and dad Binding cause of  
 Why like the clock I'm counting counting  
 Counting counting counting counting the days  
 The longer I can foresee the less I can live  
 Totally walled in  
 Amongst the lung doubter shoes  
 It is only a high mutant who can recognize  
 Lung doubter shoes

16

What had they  
 For that matter what had the ralph lurk to do  
 With early overhead drumland?  
 Search me the smart jog in their street shoes  
 Develop big knots The smarter  
 While stirring skull chili pot  
 Later (pampers, floods) barrel for the tail  
 Those few of you who were here before the  
 "Pigeons from hell" what if "formal"  
 I hold my  
 Privates and I waited,  
 Very quietly, will  
 You hold my pants if  
 I on the floor of my car  
 Can't mind if under  
 My shirt  
 Nails and a rubber ant "loiter"  
 Muy suave sand husher most gifted stains  
 As the toot dream which clung to your  
 Front and put You rare produce  
 Clinging slightly The Lunar Fuzz  
 I picked at his footprints ten feet further on  
 Unwinking dot of neighbors conscious (sorta)  
 Fraught with a style striped Babo for child or crazy  
 "Body-staring" now was my hobby



Already I could personally feel a difference  
 Between gland dumb sleep came and owning a lawn mower  
 Standing by standing didn't haunt snapped smell dow  
 Falling off chairs the sores I kept  
 I shout to the suphose display "it"  
 Chiggen! Chiggen! Orange coats  
 Far spread mouth for the iodine--  
 Lover in you, neh? Hairless Fable luminary--  
 Toward the window where the wire sings pigeon snow  
 In your hand he's spent Irving

17

For the good reason that I hesitate to go on  
 To an American, you laugh off spots face  
 The smoke longing ("house") stable of eye but  
 Dur mad lam din of Bob the Psycho is where  
 Roast man pokes his above-mentioned  
 Putrification grain basket in my back  
 Like ear said glistened wax in my back where a lake drinks  
 Like ear where a lake drinks wax glistened in my back said  
 Should I lay in them  
 Should I lay in them or (my jones for carseats condemns me  
 To uncertainty) tempt "padellic" lee thought of its point  
 A good point, important to repeat "Windows are not creatures"  
 You said and this helped you get transferred to  
 Bug High hard places be  
 Come purple red (lips!) Discovery  
 Card among ferns After Just One Tube  
 Ate the crafty of nar expressed by showing us  
 His malevolent discolored Liddell  
 A god-dragged pal of a cup  
 Going Pachisi dress wisps  
 And legs, inane one . . . walk my brain  
 A thought that would go on the way they were forever  
 Then roll over potations and treatings (stitches!  
 Which feel like a ring of needles stuck in there  
 Exchange groans twitch an eye stable, think about having  
 Maybe a hammer falling in a bucket sex But  
 What's behind the door?

|         |      |
|---------|------|
| nothing | much |
| else    | only |

False Memory!

more

A little whirlwind bucal waltzed snub near the log blue dent  
 It can loop inside clavicle where  
 Upon it bursts slobo shack, right? cries of, oh  
 Right Right Right Right Right Right Right Right Right on its heels  
 The dearest gag rule hands door jiggling clutch slam  
 The managing editor sent for me, Plucky Broom  
 It was registration time again--catch  
 A fly ghost a column punch a clock  
 Soon only two weeks separate your bound half Deep  
 Secret clay feet I accuse you of universal  
 Armpit wind (in quotes) is my motto Funny  
 I thought I was witnessing Mista Avalongrilla  
 Would that I could hump a spongey red porthole  
 I guess you must think I'm some sort of animal gobber lung hole guy

18

A scam and a lumbar  
 Drain the coughers  
 And Godhood fame loosens up for cool animal gobber lung hole guy  
 The old story, drawers and side and ledge

19

Sergio Lub! I believe in your cramped face  
 Is found rest doubt loud that makes glue prey things happen  
 You flop about so often the singing tonics rise they creep  
 The wall . . . the wall . . . In need I vow  
 Feets don't fail me now Now a toasting fork  
 Steams in your basement sock light rituals (watch falls etc.)  
 Which do you want me to call you?  
 A brief listing of words would include  
 Buy fresh men Buzz Loc Hear  
 Subtle tortured howl of sip lap  
 Poor wordless momser  
 He lived in a contortionist's nightmare (also) known as  
 "Headdown" sipping . . . sipping  
 As readily as grab butt follows buck tooth  
 Bring rectangle la low egg ring I due grew cow hung  
 Gland sleep beside the pape ant breads hunt the world  
 Rustled mudra motoroil  
 They wasted little time with long balls



And so it was with feel the rice (never mind food)--duh  
Finally the habits snore in welshing slathered  
Belching what then, Prognatizer? My Hortense  
Was the title I used throughout slack and dance lomo  
Hawkwind jaguar porsche woman  
More than a few well-educated nutters  
Talk this way bitter help, even for the iliterate (*sic*)

20

Could eye slice the grasped it shy  
Grapefruit nod to on walls  
Sprang sicker acid below probably Bold if grievous  
The ass of drop in pushed down death as if  
The pecan we deserved, the person break into another  
Register like the voice's boy changing  
Ordinary erasures driving home expert in disguises  
Who has not wronged multiple birth by wallpaper ("Wormler")  
A strained food flick that dates dreams decay cloud dump flusher  
Unerring . . . oh well, just "did itself"  
Believe one false picture you believe a peaceful people . . . etc.

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The foregoing "Heroic" Hack has been drawn from various John M. Bennett poems, both old and new, including JMB collaborations with Stacey Allam, mIEKAL aND, Ivan Arguelles, K. S. Ernst, Scott Helmes, Lady C, Jim Leftwich, Sheila E. Murphy, Lanny Quarles, *Ficus strangulensis*, Tito Smith and The Lonely One.





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